# DANIEL SWEETLAND

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS.

Daniel, only son of Matthew Sweetland, head gamekeeper of Sir Reginald Vivian's estate in Middlecott, refuses to follow his father's trade and obtains work in a nearby mme. He has a passion for stealing game from the neighboring preserves and wins a reputation as a daring and lucky poacher. He, however, promises Matthew, on eath, never to molest the Middlecott preserves. Minnie Marshall, a pretty housemaid, is loved by Dan and by the latter's dearest friend, Titus Sim. footman at Middlecott Hall. She becomes engaged to Dan, and Titus outwardly submits. A burglary has been committed at Westcombe, a nearby estate, and suspicion at first points to Dan. He and Minnie rent a house on the moors bearing the gruesome name of Hangman's Hut. Dan furnishes his lonely abode for his future wife and stocks its larder. On the eve of the weedding he decides that a brace of pheasants will be a pleasant addition to their provisions, so goes by night 10 Westcombe woods, where he shoots the two birds, using a handsome gun given him as a wedding present by Sir Reginald's son. Henry, a boyhood playmate of Dan and Titus. While in Westcombe woods he hears gunshots in Middlecott preserve. On his way to and from Hangman's Hut (whither he goes to leave his gun and hide the birds) he twice catches sight of a man running along the moorland road. On reaching his father's cottage Dan finds that Matthew and the latter's assistant, Adam Thorpe, have had a brush with poachers and that Thorpe has been shot. Directly after the wedding, next day, Dan is arrested, charged with Thorpe's murder. His gun has been found near the scene of the crime. He leaves his wife in charge of the wife of Johnny Beer, an innkeeper, and starts off toward Plymouth jail with the local policeman, an inspector and Corder, a plain-clothes man. While crossing the moor he tells the trio that he knows where the valumbles stolen from Westcombe are hidden, and says he will show them the spot if they will shave their guard. While they are di he third and escapes on the borse that had drawn he official cart.

Meantime Daniel Sweetland was riding live an' think an' work an' pray for you,

barebacked over Dartmoor to his new home.

He knew the way very well, and threaded many a bog and leapt a stream or two; then breasted a hill and looked down where, like a glow-worm, one little warm light glimmered in the silver and ebony of the nocturnal desert.

live an' think an' work an' pray for you, till you come home-along again."

"Trust me," he said. "You'm my star; be alive. Fil have you first in thought, my own li'l wife. Nought shall ever come at ween me an' you but my coffin-lid. An' well God knows it."

"Go," she said. "An' let me hear how you be faring so soon as you can."

For the first time that day his heart grew, "Her-all alone!" he thought. "I might have knowed she'd come. That's her it may be an awful long time, if I have to place now; an' mine be alongside her!" He formed the resolution to see Minnie at

"Us II eat supper alone together for once

Five minutes later a horse stopped at Hangman's Hut, and Minnie, unlocking the door, found herself in her husband's

said; "but such as 'tis us'll make the most of it. I've foxed 'em very nice with a yarn about that burgiary, of which I know no more than the dead really. But you'll hear tell about that presently. An' tonight tell about that presently. An' tonight they'll have a pretty walk to Princetown, or the only horse, except this one within five miles, belongs to Johnny Beer; an' 'tis tired out after the journey to Moreton." Minnie was far less calm than when she left him in the morning. Even her steady nerve falled her now, and for the only time in his life Daniel saw her weep.

"Don't you do that," he said. "Ban't no hour for tears. Fetch in all the food in the house and that battle of wine less than the said.

house, an' that bottle of wine I got for 'e. Can't step long, worse luck." "I know right well you'm an innocent man, Daniel; an' I'll never be happy again until I've done my share to prove it." she

Tis just that will be so awful hard. And the chance offered. with that. Keep quiet about my visit to-night. Ban't nobody's business but ours. A purty honeymoon, by God! All the same,

"Us mus' heed what may hap. They might come this way by chance, though there's little likelihood o' it."

He listened, but there was no sound save morning. An ancient pit lined with gran-

about me, they'll tell you as I've been kill- | morning long before he had reached the ed by the horse. But don't you feel no skirts of town. He turned, therefore, into

drank heartily. "One hour I'll bide along wi' my own true love, then off I must go," said Daniel. "I've hit poor Gregory rather hard; but I hope he'll get ever it. Anyway, it had to be done. Only you go on being your-self, Min, an' keep up your courage, an' fill your time working for me. The case is clear. Some man have shot Adam Thorpe; but he didn't shoot him with my gun, because my gun was in my own hand when Thorpe fell, an' I was a good few mile away. To be exact, I was getting pheasants for 'e in Westcombe woods at the time—you'll find 'em in the well; an' I heard shots fired at Middlecott quite clear, though I was five miles off. But the thing

be to show that I was five mile off."
"And your gun, Daniel?"
"I put the gun back in the case in the next room to this long afore midnight yes-

next room to this long afore midnight yesterday," he said.
"Then 'twas fetched away after midnight?"
"Yes, it was; an' if you can find the man as took my gun, then you'll find the man who killed the keeper."
"Twill be the first thought an' prayer of

my life to do it, Daniel."
"An' you'll do it—if Sim don't," he prophesied. Within an hour Daniel reluctantly pre-

pared to leave his home.
"'Tis a darned shame I must go," he said, "but I've no choice now. Only mind this, Minnie Sweetland. Don't you think you'm a widow tomorrow when they comes an' tells you so. If they bring my carpse

be faring so soon as you can,"
"Be sure of that. If I daren't write to
you, I'll write to Sim. But, remember: go across seas.

"Write to me—to me direct," she begged earnestly. "Send my letter through no other man or woman. 'Twill be my life's other man or woman. 'Twill be my blood renewed to get it. An' I can though the devil gets the reckoning," he said. "I lay my pretty have had no stomach for victuals this night."

Five minutes later a horse stopped at Pive minutes later a horse stopped at The stopped at grow gray.

"Not the memory of this day an' night, that's brought the greatest ill an' the great-est joy into my life at once," he answered. "Green for evermore 'twill be."

Then again and again they kissed, and Daniel Sweetland rode away.

At the top of the next dark hill he turned and looked back, but he saw nothing. Minnie had not lighted her lamp again. stood and watched him vanish. Then she went to her bed in the dark and prayed brave prayers until the dawn broke.

### CHAPTER VII. The Bad Ship "Peabody."

Daniel Sweetland had decided on his course of action before he bade his wife farewell. Now he rode back to Furnum Regis, found the King's Oven empty, as he expected, and turned his horse's head to the south. He crossed the main road, struck down a bridle-path, and presently Anyway, I felt that the risk of a trial was too great to stand, if there was a chance approached Vitifer Mine. Here the land The was cut and broken into a wild chaos of told! But I needn't waste time old-time excavations and deep, natural gullies and fissures. The place was danderous, for terrific disused shafts opened here, and a network of rails and posts marked the more perilous tracts and kept when she had brought it, he put out the light and flung the window open.
"Us must heed what may hap. They might come this way by chance, though to their work, must see it on the following

the deep woods that lie among those outlying fortresses which surround the great seaport inland; and near the neighbor-hood of Marsh Mills, where the River Plym runs by long, shining reaches to the sea, Daniel hid close under an overhanging bank beside the water. Here he was safe enough and saw no sign of life but the trout that rose beneath him. The food that Minnie made him carry was soon gone, and another nightfall found Sweetland ravenous. At dusk he lowered himself to the river and drank his fill, but not until midnight was past did he leave his snug retreat and set forth again. By 3 o'clock on the following morning he was in Plymouth and turned his steps straightway to the Barbican. For Daniel sought a ship. He had debated of all possibilities and even thought of hiding upon the Moor and letting Minnie feed him by night, until the truth of Thorpe's murder came to be known; but the futlity of such a course was manifest. To intervene activities the state of the such as the state of the such as the such as the state of the such as the such a course was manifest. To intervene actively must be impossible for him without discovery; he felt it wiser, therefore, to escape beyond reach of danger for the present. Then, once safe, he hoped to communicate with his friends and hear from them concerning their efforts to prove his them concerning their efforts to prove his The Barbican grew out of dawn gradually, and its picturesque and venerable de-tails stood clearcut in the light of the

tened where a coffee stall on wheels crept down to the quay from an alleyway that opened there. He was the first customer, and he made a mighty breakfast, to the satisfaction of the shopman. Daniel was cooling his third cup when other way-farers joined him. Some were fishermen about to sail on the tide; some were Spanish boys, just setting out on their rounds from the ships.

clean-shaven and his teeth were yellow.
"Have any of you chaps seen a Judascolored man this morning?" he asked of
the company. "His name's Jordan, and he carries a great red beard afore him, and the Lord knows where he's got to. Went off his ship fast night and never

drinking along with some pals and females at the 'Master Mariner'—that public house at the corner. He's got into trouble, mister."
"Of course, of course; I might have

knowed it. He's a man so flery as his color.. Have they locked him up?" "That I couldn't tell 'e. There was a regular upstore an' pewter mugs flying like birds. First a woman scratched the man's face; then three chaps went for him all at once. The police took him away, but whether he's to the lock-up or the hearnital Leguidn't tell 'e. One or the hospital I couldn't tell 'e. One or t'other for sartain."

The sailor with the earrings showed no great regret. I going to pick up a carpenter's mate be-tween now and then."

"The 'Peabody,' bound for the West Indies, and maybe South America after.' "How long will you be away from Eng

weeks, might be twenty; but most like we shall be home by end of February."
"I'll come," said Daniel. "I want a ship, an' I want it quick."

"Come on, then," answered the

swered Daniel frankly.

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, well, that's a home affair—your business, not mire. Sometimes there's nought better than a bit of widowhood for

"Very likely we shall." "There was one man shipped with me who told that story, and I thought no more of it at the time. But afterward I found that the chap had murdered his missis afore he ran away from her. You haven't done that, I hope?"

"My name is James Bradley, and I'm mate of the 'Peabody,' " answered his com-panion. "I'll not deceive you. I'm offering you nothing very well worth having. The 'Peabody's' an old tank steamer, and rotten as an over-ripe pear. Sometimes I think the rats will put their paws through

"I'll larn you," answered Mr. Bradley 'There's the ship alongside that quay. I'll lay low in the water, had three naked, raking masts and bluff bows. Her engines

the new carpenter's mate had seldom seen a ship in his life, and never been upon ne, supposed that Daniel was taking in the steamer with a sailor's eye.

"I'll come an' see the captain, an' have off more breakfast, if you've no objection, wife and family at Devonport. He'll only come aboard an hour afore we sail. But

The man addressed as "Chips" was standing at the entrance of the forecastle as Bradley and Daniel crossed a gangway and arrived on the deck of the ship.

right. Then, if he's the proper sort, old man will scon forget."

"You can pretend I'm a stowaway an' not find me till we're out to sea," suggested Daniel.

"When the proper sort, old who killed Thorpe the better. If I'd known that 'twould all work out so smooth an' easy I'd not have gone at all. If it weren't for the thought of Minnie an' mother I could laugh."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Sim Tells a Lie. Though Daniel had expressly asked Minnie to tell his friend Titus Sim that he was not at the bottom of Wall Shaft Gully, but far away in present safety, the wanderer's wife did no such thing. She would not trust tragic misfortune; for she could not yet feel certain that the footman was all he pretended and declared. His conduct after broke the news to her that she was "I pray that you an' everybody be mis-taken, Mr. Sim," she said. "I hope my Dan-



along on an even keel. Daniel quickly re- iel's not at the bottom of that awful place.

withdrew Sweetland from the "Peabody" forever. The usual experiences befell him; the wonders of the deep revealed them-selves to him for the first time; but only one thing that the sea gave up interested Sweetland, and that chanced to be an En-

forward saw it, guessed that it contained later news than any on the ship, and prepared to fish it up. Three sailors with lines were ready for the floating paper as it passed the side of the steamer, and the second angler secured it. It proved to be the Daily Chronicle of a date one day later than the sailing of the "Peabody."

The journal was carefully dried and then, it there can be a second and then, in the sail of th

For Daniel Sweetland it contained one

chapter of his life's story. "The Tragedy on Dartmoor.

"A sensational sequel is reported to the arrest of the man Daniel Sweetland on his wedding day. It will be remembered that Sweetland, a notorious poacher, was suspected, on the evidence of his own gun, to have murdered a gamekeeper in the woods of Middlecott Court estate near the little town of Moretonhampstead, Devon. Three officers arrested him and started to convey officers arrested him and started to convey him to Plymouth. But accident detained the party in the lonely central region of the Moor, and, their horse falling lame, they spent some time at a solitary public house known as the 'Warren Inn.' Here Sweetland, taking the police into his confidence, confessed to being an accomplice in the recent famous burglary at Westcombe—the seat of the Giffards, not far distant -the seat of the Giffards, not far distant from Middlecott Court. • • • "

The journal, after giving a very accurate account of all that had happened at Fur-

num Regis, proceeded:

"The hoodwinked officers lost no time in reaching Princetown, and from the convict establishment at that village telegraphic communication was set up with come aboard an hour afore we sail. But I'm in command now. We'll sign you on right away. What sort of a sailor are you?"

"Never knowed what it was to be seasick in my life," said Daniel, laughing to himself at the joke.

"Lucky for you. The 'Peabody' finds the weak spots in a man's system when she's in a beam sea—that I promise you. I'm always ill for a week after I've been ashore a fortnight. Here's Chips."

The man addressed as "Chips" was graphic communication was set up with the nelghboting districts. But early morning brought the sequel to the incident, for at dawn certain laborers proceeding to their work in Vitifer Mine, some few miles from the King's Oven, discovered the horse on which Sweetland had ridden off. It was tethered in the midst of a wild and savage region full of old workings, where lie some tremendous and unfathomable shafts, sunk in past years, but long deserved. Here the unfortunate poacher appears to have deliberately taken his own pears to have deliberately taken his own' life, for at the head of Wall Shaft Gully—a famous aperture which has already claimed human victims in the past—a stake

herself to associate Sim with her husband's EFFECT OF CZAR'S EDICT

Sweetland's disappearance proved exemplary. He fulfilled his mission left behind by Daniel with all possible tact and judgment. Alone he visited Minnie and widow. But she surprised him more than he dismayed her.

But after twenty-four hours the "Pea-ody" was ship-shape and panting solidly

reach of those who want to take him, my part is the same. I'll never rest till I've done all a faithful wife can do to clear his memory of this wicked thing. You know so well as I do that he was an innocent man."
"Yes, and trust me to prove him so, if wit

men liked him, and the captain liked him.

He prospered and kept his own dark

He prospered and kept his own dark Perhaps those words were that Minnie had ever uttered. At any rate they produced a profound effect on Titus Sim. He pondered deeply before replying; then he nodded thoughtfully to himself

more than once.

"Tis the great task before us all: to make his memory sweet. Rest sure enough that I'll do my share," he promised. But Minnie Sweetland found her dislike of Sim not lessened by his correct attitude during these dark and troubled days. She avoided him when possible. She kept the secret of her husband's flight very close. Indeed, two living souls alone knew it beside Minnie, and they were her husband's parents. Dan need have been in small concern for his mother, because, on the morn-ing after the poacher's flight, Minnie had private speech with the Sweetlands and made them understand the truth. The woman was wise and, perceiving her son's sal-vation probably hung upon this secret, she kept it. Matthew Sweetland also preserved silence. His melancholy was profound, and only Minnie had any power to lift him out of it. Her energy and determination deeply impressed him; her absolute belief and trust in her husband's honor put life into him the death of Adam Thorpe, and promised to

take her to the scene of the outrage, that she might study it for herself. "If only we can prove he had no hand in it," said Matthew. "But there, 'tis vain to hope so—look which way you will. If he was innocent, why for did he run?" "Innocent men have done so for nought but terror." she answered.

"Maybe; but not Daniel. He was never afeared. No-no; he's gone with blood on his hands. 'Twill never be known till judgment day. Then the record will be cried from the book."
"Why for shouldn't us believe him?" she

"He never told me a lie in his life. Can you call home that you ever catched

But the father refused to argue, "He may have throwed himself dewn Wall Shaft gully for all he told you he wall shall gully for all he told you he would not. And no man would have taken on that dreadful death if he wasn't in fear of a dreadfuller. However, you can come to the place an' welcome. I'll show you where one man got me down an' nearly whacked the life out of me; an' I'll show you where the other war life and the show you where the other war life. show you where the other man let moon-light into poor Thorpe. The detectives have trampled every yard of the ground, but they found nothing good or bad. The man or woman as can prove my son innocent will have my blessing. I promise you, though too well I know he's guilty. I've heard him threaten Thorpe myself." In process of time, therefore, Minnie vis-ited the coverts of Middlecott Court and traversed the exact ground where Dan-iel was supposed to have destroyed Adam Thorpe. Many other more highly trained observers had done the like; but public interest in the affair perished with Sweetland's supposed suicide; and even the police, when the events of Furnum Regis and Wall Shaft gully came to their ears, pursued their operations at Middlecott Law. pursued their operations at Middlecott Low-er Hundred and elsewhere with less ardor. Their labors threw no light upon the past; mor could they find Daniel's accomplice.

Mr. Sweetland swore to a second poacher;
for one man fought with him and broke
his finger, while the other fired on Thorpe; but both rascals had worn masks, and no trace of either appeared after the affray, excepting only the gun-Henry Vivian's gift

enough, and it was not until a fortnight after the last detective had left Middlecott that Minnie, with her father-in-law, vis-ited the theater of Thorpe's death. But they took a detour, for Sweetland had fresh troubles upon his hands.
(To be continued tomorrow.)

Revival of the Queerest Old Religious Sects.

Hundreds of Persecuted Faiths Come Out of Hiding.

THEY CARRY ON CANNIBALISM

Czar Said to Regret Having Granted So Full a Measure of Religious Toleration.

Written for The Star.

America is regarded by some of its people as particularly productive of religious sects. And, indeed, it has given birth to a goodly family of faiths, such as those of the Mormons, the Adventists, the Christian Scientists, the Dowieltes, the Black Hebrews, the Holy Rollers and the Holy Ghosters. Yet this country is not to be compared with 1470. Russia as a source of novel and varied creeds. Out of mysterious Muscovy there have emerged in the last eighteen months more queer schisms than have sprung from As the Duchobortzi take up arms against America since its discovery. Since the czar the icon, so the Malakanes rebel against promised religious liberty to his subjects the fast days imposed by the orthodox as an Easter gift last year a multitude of church. While not disputing the sacredness "raskolniki," or religious factions, have of these days, they nevertheless argue that

arisen, coming to the light out of the seclusion where they have hid from persecution. Not a few of these sects were thought to have died long ago under the knout or in exile, but they have reappeared all the stronger as the consequence of repression. Most of them reveal much that is pagan. In them seem to lurk the shadows of the Dark Ages. Indeed, the czar is said to have regretted laving granted so full a measure of spiritual freedom, because as a result the more fanatical "raskolniki" have revived many barbarous practices that have made them a menace to the communities in which they live in which they live.

Blessed Ones Burn.

Among several of the sects of Russia suicide is regarded as a virtue if committed as a part of a religious ceremony. The Morelstchiki, for example, believe that whoever is willing to sacrifice his life in the 'sacred flames" is certain of eternal happiness in the life to come. The most devout adherents of this faith meet in a retired spot once a year, and after digging a deep pit they fill it full of dry wood and leaves. When the inflammable mass has been set on fire the most frenzied members of the assemblage join hands and in a great ring on hire the most frenzied members of the assemblage join hands and in a great ring they dance around the flames. As the conflagration increases in fury they leap higher and higher, and all the time they try to drown the roar of the flames with shrieks and screams. Indeed, one might think that the array belonged to some anglent areas. the orgy belonged to some ancient age of Scandinavian paganism instead of being enacted in the Christian era and in the heart of a Christian nation. At last, from sheer exhaustion, the dancers fall to the ground and there they wait breathlessly for the fearful climax. For a time only the crackling of the flames is heard; then, while the rest raise their faces to the sky in prayer, the "blessed ones," as they are called, spring to their feet and with shouts of delirious joy cast themselves into the fire.

Until recently the Morelstchiki have sought to escape persecution by hiding in remote parts of Siberia, but since the Easter ukase they have been returning to villages around Moscow.

self-immolation is known as the Philipoftschins, having obtained their name from Philip, a monk who was the founder of their faith. In some parts of Russia he is als spoken of as the "Saint of the Desert."
Some Philipoftschins burn themselves. Others starve themselves to death. Still others among them believe that the most acceptable form of death in the eyes of God is being buried alive.

#### ing buried alive. Peter a Patron.

Self-mutilation is preferred to self-immolation by the Shoptzi. They believe that it is more pleasing in the sight of heaven for them to cut and hack themselves and yet still live than suddenly to put them-selves out of the miseries of this life by committing sulcide. Their patron saint is Peter III, the murdered husband of Catharine, and his picture is to be found in the homes of all devout Shoptzl. In all the images and portraits of Peter III he is represented as wearing a blood-red handkerchief tightly bound around the right knee. Peter is to return as the true Messiah, say the Shoptzi, and will summon all the elect by ringing the great bell of the Church of the Ascension in Moscow. Many of the rites of this sect would seem to indicate that it was of foreign origin and had its beginning among a seafaring people. The Shoptzi are wont to call their church a ship and the world a sea. The nautical turn of their religion is also shown in their hymns, of which the following one is typical:

"Hold together, ye crew.
Let not the ship go down in the storm.
The Holy Ghost is with us.
Fear not the breakers or the storm.
Our Father and Christ are with us.
He will come. He will appear.
He will ring the great bell of the Upenski.
He will set up masts that never fall.
He will set up masts that never fall.
He will set andder which steers safely.
He casts anchor in a secure harbor.
Now we are landed."

In the opinion of the orthodox peasant, however, no one of the dissenting sects is so accursed as that of the Duchobortzi, or iconoclasts. To the peasant who firmly or iconociasts. To the peasant who firmly believes in the doctrines of the czar's church the icon is almost as sacred as the saint which it represents. To him it is a sort of guardian angel. He always has one near him, in his hut at home or in his tent on the battlefield. On the other hand, the Duchobortzi hate the icon as the work of the devil. Whatever is material in the Christian religion they reject. They do not even believe that the deeds, recorded in the even believe that the deeds, recorded in the Bible as having been performed by the prophets or by Christ and His apostles really happened. Everything that is mentioned in Holy Writ, they say, is symbolical. There was no real Cain, and the story of his death they regard as merely a parable illustrative of the fate of the persecutor of the true faith. Pharaoh and his Egyptian followers did not actually perish in the Red sea when in pursuit of the fleeing Hebrews. Instead, this is merely a story to picture the eventual defeat of satan story to picture the eventual defeat of satan and the escape of humanity from his

Wealthy Old Believers. Of all the dissenting sects the one which

has prospered most is that of the Starovertzi, or Old Believers, most of whom live in the ancient capital of Muscovy. There they have amassed great wealth and own most of the business part of Moscow. They are called Old Believers because they still cling to the old-time religion of the Russians. The innovations introduced into the church three centuries ago they refuse to accept. When called old-fashioned they reply that they are proud of remaining true to the past. And in their social and domestic life, as well as their spiritual, they are averse to all things new. All eastern customs they regard as profane. Smoking they abominate, and they can point to the Biblical chapter and verse which proves that they are justified in their condemnation of tobacco smoke. The verse they quote is this: "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out." Potatoes, in their minds, are the fruit of satan. Indeed, they aver that it was a potato and not an apple which caused Eve to fall.

The Old Believers obtained the foundation of the mouth believers obtained the foundation of their mealth the continued the foundation of the first mealth the continued the foundation of the first meant for the first meant

caused Eve to fall.

The Old Believers obtained the foundation of their wealth two centuries ago as the result of a plague. On account of the services which they rendered the public when the city was stricken with pestilence they were rewarded with crtain grants of land. At the time they received title to this real estate it was in an out-of-the-way district and of little value. At the present time it is situated in the heart of the city.

There are other Russian sects which main-There are other Russian sects which main-tain doctrines even milder than those of the conservative Starovertzi of Moscow. Yet until recently they have been hunted from province to province as if they plotted the assassination of the emperor. There are the Sabatniki, or Sabbatarians, who have a religion much the same as the Jews. Indeed, the sect was founded by a Hebrew, Zacharias of Kiev, who preached that the Old Testament was the only inspired part Old Testament was the only inspired part of the Bible; that the seventh day was the day of rest, and in time there would come an earthly Messiah. The Sabatkini have been a religious factor in Russia ever since

All that Hunger Demands.

Another harmless group of dissenters is that of the Malakanes, or milk drinkers. the body demands nourishment just as much on one day as another and that the severe mandates of the church prohibiting the taking of any food whatsoever on fast days, except by young children, is an offense to God, because it injures the body he has made. Accordingly, the Malakanes, when others go entirely without food, drink all the "malako" or milk that their hunger

If the Malakanes, however, had confined their religious activity merely to the milk question they would have had far less to worry about. Ever since 1833 members of this sect have been waiting for the millenium. In that year Terenti Belioreff, one of their leaders, announced that he was no other than Elias and that in thirty months the millenium would arrive. When the day of which he had prophesied came he went up on a high cliff to ascend to heaven in a chariot of fire. But, though instead of going up, this modern prophet fell down and nearly killed himself, the Malakanes are still looking forward to the coming of an Utopian era.

Most quiet of all Russian sects is that of

the Bezslovestni, who, on becoming mem-bers of this order, take a vow of utter silence for the rest of their lives. The Bez-slovestni, however, in spite of their apparent inoffensiveness, were cruelly persecuted in the reign of Catharine II. On one of her journeys she chanced to meet one of these silent religions and to ask him the way. obtaining no answer, she had him flogged on the spot. The knowt brought out not a word. Thereupon the mute was thrown into prison and tortured. Yet never a syllable escaped his lips. "I'll have my revenge on the whole herd of them," was Catharine's utterance as soon as she heard of the prisoners. of the prisoner's obstinacy, and at her command officials of the government hunted throughout the whole empire for Bez-slovestni and put them on the rack. Strange as it may seem, no women have ever joined

In these days, however, sects like the speechless Bezslovestni are not the ones which are worrying the Russian govern-ment. The problem with which the czar's officials are struggling is that of suppress-ing the more fanatical dissenters, such as have already stirred up riot and bloodshed in the Caucausus. Unloosed by the im-perial promise of government toleration. they have resorted to practices of barbaric

## Christian Cannibals.

A sect of this sort is that of the Khlisti, or flagellants, who believe not only in mutilation, but also in a kind of cannibalism. Their flesh-eating rites have been variously described, but by no one more graphically than Baron von Haxthausen, the German writer. The baron visited a Khlisti Easter feast, and his own words in telling of his experience have been reprinted by John Henry Blount in his "History-of Sects," as

"On this night the Khlisti assemble for a great solemnity, the worship of the Mother of God. A girl whom they have induced to submit by tempting promises is bound and placed in a tub or warm water. Some old women first cut off a part of her flesh and staunch the blood in a wonderfully. short time. During the operation a mystical picture of the Holy Spirit is put into the victim's hands in order that she may be absorbed in regarding it. The flesh which has been cut off is laid on a plate and sliced into small pieces, which are eaten by all the members of the sect present. The girl in the tub is then raised upon an altar which stands near, and the whole congregation dances wildly around it, sing-ing at the same time. The jumping grows madder and madder till the lights are suddenly extinguished.

"My secretary was acquainted with one of these girls, who were always afterward regarded as sacred, and he said that at the age of nineteen or twenty they look like women of fifty. They generally die before their thirtieth year."

## The Story of a Domestic Rebellion.

The Pennsylvania Dutch-patient, stolid, aw-abiding, God-fearing, and, above all things, humbly obedient to the traditions of their fathers-are among the most interesting of the alien races which have settled at our door. In "The Reforming of a Bridegroom," which appears in the November McClure's, Helen Martin has given us one of her most fascinating studies of this people. She knows them as a man knows the characters of the small village where he grew up-knows all the intimate, hidden details of their personal life, which give them their peculiar individuality as a people—and writes of them with a rich, warm, human understanding and sympathy. "The Reforming of a Bridegroom" tells how a Pennsylvania Dutch woman of emanci-pated ideas incites her younger sister to rebel against the tyranny of a kindly but stolid husband who was "getting that spoiled with her yielding ways." The characters in the tale—the earnest Lavina, a reformer to her people; the bewildered husband, Giddy Lapp, and the irresistible Katy-incarnation of artless femininity-are as unforgetable as a group of Dickens



place!" he cried. "You mustn't stop. You shall not."

the sigh of a distant stream and the stamp of the horse's hoof at the door.

"To leave you here in this forsaken place!" he cried. "You mustn't stop. You by falling into it, and though the fact was known, the nature of the place made it impossible to recover his corpse.

TOLD YOU AS

A thin, hatchet-faced man in jack boots and a blue jersey attracted Daniel. He wore his hair quite long in olly ringlets; gold gleamed in his ears; his jaws were

A fisherman was able to give information.
"I seed the very man last night. He was

"Let him stop there, the cranky, spit-firing varmint. But we sail after midday on the tide, and the question is where am "What's your ship?" asked Daniel Sweet-

"Can't say to a month. Might be twelve

"I'm in luck seemingly. You're all right-eh? Ban't running away from anybody?" "I'm running away from my wife," an-

females. You'll make friends when you go

"No, no—just left her for her good for the present," explained Daniel. "An' who

her bottom. A bad, under-engined, un-der-manned ship."
"Why do you sail in her, then?"
"That's not here or there. I'm mate, and men will risk a lot for power. Besides, I'm a philosopher, if you know what that is, and I've got a notion, picked up in the east, that what will happen will happen. If I'm going to be drowned, I shall be drowned. Therefore, by law an' logic, I'm as safe in the 'Peabody' as I should be in

a battleship. But perhaps your mind is not used to logic?" 'Never heard of it," sald Dan'el. lay you never saw a uglier."

The "Peabody" was not an attractive craft, but Daniel had no eye for a ship and merely regarded the steamer as an ark of refuge until better days might dawn. She

were placed right aft. The well of the ship was not five feet above the water-Mr. Bradley, ignorant of the fact that

"A better weather-boat than you'd think, for all she's so low. Ten knots with a fair wind. We're taking out a mixed cargo, and we shall bring back all sorts and probably cruise around on the South American coast till we can fill up somehow."
"What sort of a captain have you got?"

"What sort of a captain have you got?"
"A very good old man. Too good for most of us. A psalm-smiter, in fact." "He won't be there. He's along with his

not find me till we're out to sea," suggested Daniel.

"No need, no need; 'twill be all right," answered the other.

Time proved that the carpenter of the "Peabody" was correct. His injured mate did not reappear, and in the hurry of sailing no questions were asked. 'That night, in a week ship rolling gunwales under, Sweetland made acquaintance with the allment he had never known, and Mr. Bradley, who found him under the light of an oil lamp in an alley-way, regarded the prostrate wreck of Daniel with gloomy triumph.

umph.
"I told you as this ship would twist your inwards about a bit. I'm awful bad my-self. "Drink a pint of sea-water; 'tis the only thing to do. If it don't kill you, it cures

you."
The landsman grunted inarticulately. He

was thinking that to perish ashore, even with infamy, would be better than the

dreadful death that now prepared to over-

FOR DANIEL IT CONTAINED ONE HIGHLY INTERESTING PARAGRAPH.

covered, and what he lacked in knowl-edge he made up in power to learn and there, or whether he's safe an' beyond the power to please. Chips, of course, discovered that his new mate was no carpenter, and Bradley also perceived that Daniel had never been to sea before. But your land-lubber, if he be made of the right stuff, will often get on with a ship's company better than a seasoned salt. Sweetland was unselfish, hard-working and civil. The and hard work can do it."

To detail at length the life on shipboard goodwill right Daniel. 'Tis the only way to my heart, an' I don't care who knows it." "Ess, fay; an' what I don't know I'll portance occurred to be chronicled, and within a few weeks of sailing accident glish newspaper. It happened thus: When off the Azores, on the Sunday after sailing, a big steamer overhauled the "Peabody." and in two hours was hull down again on

> 'Tis the 'Don,'" said Bradley. "One of the royal mail boats from Southampton for Barbados and Jamaica.' dered how it came about that the vessel's name should be familiar to him. Then he remembered that it had entered his ear before the tragedy. Henry Vivian intended to sail by this ship. Doubtless he was on

to sail by this ship. Doubtless he was on her now.

The liner passed within two hundred yards of the tramp. Then, just as she drew ahead, somebody pitched a newspaper over her taffrail into the water. It was crumpled up, and, the sea being smooth, the journal floated and a current drifted it across the bows of the "Peabody." A man forward saw it guessed that it contained

in turn, each man who cared to do so studied it at leisure.

highly interesting paragraph, and he smiled to see how successful his crude deception had proved.

The item of news may be reproduced, for it defines the supposed situation left behind by Sweetland, and fittingly closes this chapter of his life's story.